

THE
GHOSTS
OF
Edward Fits Harris
AND
Oliver Plunket,
Who was lately Executed at
TYBURN
FOR
High-Treason,

With their Sentiments about the Times.



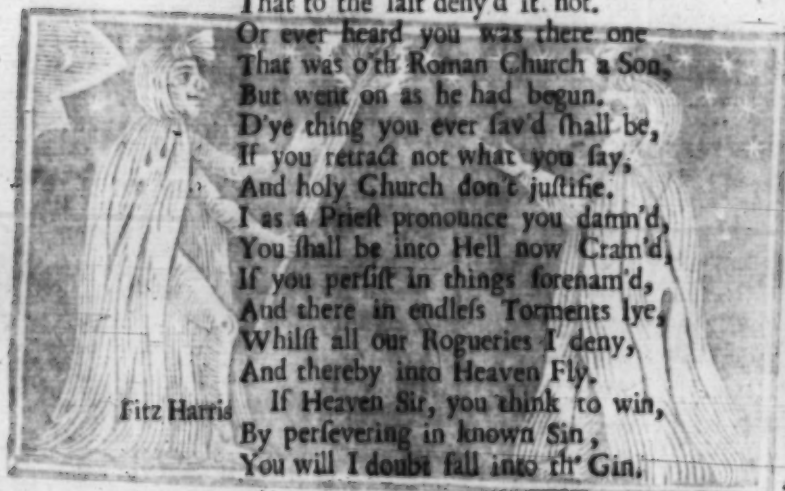
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*The Ghosts of Edward Fitz Harris
and Oliver Plunket, who were
Executed at Tyburn for High
Treason, &c.*

Fitz Harris **I** Groan and Languish to Relate,
My Countries present Case and State;
Which now lies under pressures great.
I have been in my time a Thing,
That would have done ought 'gainst the King;
Whereby I Popery in might bring.
I Boggled not Shams to devise,
Whereby to charge upon (with Lies)
The Presbyterians Plotting Guise.
Tho' they in Truth for ought I knew,
Had nought under design or view
But what was Loyal, Just and True;
In order this Sham-Plot to vent,
I a damn'd Libell did invent,
'Gainst both the King and Government.

Plunket, Tush, Fellow Martyr, Tush I say,
You do what misbecomes your way,
Romes Plottings if you do betray.
For what man ever think you got
A Pardon for being in the Plot,
That to the last deny'd it. not.



Or ever heard you was there one
That was o'th Roman Church a Son,
But went on as he had begun.
D'ye thing you ever sav'd shall be,
If you retract not what you say,
And holy Church don't justifie.
I as a Priest pronounce you damn'd,
You shall be into Hell now Cram'd,
If you persist in things forenam'd,
And there in endless Torments lye,
Whilst all our Rogueries I deny,
And thereby into Heaven Fly.
Fitz Harris If Heaven Sir, you think to win,
By persevering in known Sin,
You will I doubt fall into th' Gin.

(3)

For if one Crime that unrepented
Be damnable, how you've prevented
Your Fate I know not, but contented
Am, that you should a Papist dye,
And so by telling many a lye,
To Heav'n reach, but I, Poor I,
Will make a Free and true discovery
Of what I know at large or by
Of this vile Plot which I decry;
Most Heartily confessing, that
I truly sorry am, for what
I've done, to advance the Romish Plot.
For now at last I plainly see
Romes Religion's damnd Heresie
Kept up, and carried on by cursed cruelty.
For else how comes it pray about,
Our Friends to th cause have been so stout
Toth' very last, to brave it out.
I wonder how you durst presume,
Gods Sacred name in Mouth to assume,
To justify your Lyes and Rome.
And thereby weakly to keep up
The credit of your damned Pope
Tho't cost you Hell for't, and a Rope.
I do confess I justly dye
For serving you and Popery,
In Villanies I Blush to say.
My Judges freely I forgive,
Being one no way deserv'd to Live;
No nor the grace of a Reprieve.
'Twas favour great indeed, I think,
For th' King to give me, on the brink
Of my sad Fate, time e're I Sink,
Wherein I reconcil'd might be
To the enraged Diety,
For Crimes against his Majesty.
And might my Countries danger tell,
And what had surely it besell, (*viz.*)
All Protestants that therein dwell.
Oh that this time allotted me,
Whereon depends my Eternity,
May tend to extirpate Popery.
May I therein do all such things,
As may Atone the King of Kings,
Which is the thing true comfort brings.
And likewise warn poor England yet,
In this dark Day, e're it be too late,
To avoid both French and Popish State.

A a

And

And may it, as one Man, oppose
 It self to Ruin by its Foes,
 And strive to save it self from Threat and Woes;
 May now my Soul lie down in Peace,
 And ne're hereafter may it cease,
 To praise the God of Infinite Grace.

Plunket

What long harangues, Sir, have you made,
 You've made me by em quite afraid,
 To Persevere in what I said.
 I do confess likewise, that I
 Concern'd was much i'th' Villany,
 For which I am Condemn'd to Die:
 And that from Popish Treachery,
 England was like Reduc'd to be,
 To French and Romish Tyranny.

But this I always took for Truth,
 That what comes out o'th' Churches Mouth;
 Is Oracle from North to South.

And when I knew the Church had given
 Power to go on with the old Leaven,
 I thought it surely came from Heaven.

But now I doubt I was mistaken,
 And fear Rome Babel will be Shaken;
 If England thoroughly awaken.

I am in Truth in doubt, we shall
 E're long receive a lasting fall,
 Ne're more to Vex the World at all.
 And though I Dye o'th' Church of Rome;
 Yet I believe those things will come
 Upon Her, which will be the Final Doom.

Fitz Harris

Sir, If you do these things Believe,
 Your self you wretchedly deceive,
 If that you quickly don't receive.
 The Protestants Religion's good,
 Which I almost Conform to cou'd,
 But for my having sought their Blood.

Plunket

If then Sir, you are not convinced
 Which is the Right, pray do not mince it,
 But leave to Time for to evince it,
 And let us heartily both joine,
 And in our Prayers now combine,
 I'th' words of the ensuing Line.

Both.

May God long Bless the King, we Pray,
 And all Plots 'gainst him still bewray,
 Popish and Factionous, and let all Men say

Amen.

F I N I S.